

Vulgus Britannicus:
OR, THE
British HUDIBRASS.

Part the Third.



L O N D O N:

Printed for James Woodward, in St. Christopher's
Church-Yard, near the Royal Exchange; and
John Morphew, near Stationers-Hall, 1710.

Price Six-Pence.

BRITISH MUSEUM
OF THE
Natural History



LONDON:
Printed for James B. Colnaghi, in St. Christopher's
Church-Yard, near the Royal Exchange; and
John Johnson, near Stationer-Hall, 1712.

THE
CONTENTS.

CANTO - VIII.

*The beating up for the Trainbands ;
the City's Preparation for raising
the same. The Watch and Ward,
with their Character and De-
portment.* p. 85

CANTO IX.

*The Peoples Glamours at the Charge
of Warding and Trainbanding.* p. 96

CANTO X.

*The Disputes and Squabbles of dif-
ferent Parties in a Tavern-
Kitchen.* p. 104
Vulgus

CONTENTS

CANTO VIII.

The beating up for the Trainbands;
the City's Preparation for raising
the same. The Watch and Ward
with their Character and De-
portment. p. 85

CANTO IX.

The People's Glammours in the Charge
of Warding and Trainbanding.
p. 96

CANTO X.

The Disputes and Squabbles of dis-
senting Parties in a Tavern-
Kitchen. p. 104
Nights

Vulgus Britannicus:

OR, THE
British HUDIBRASS.

PART III.

CANTO VIII.

*The beating up for the Trainbands ;
the City's Preparation for raising
the same. The Watch and Ward,
with their Character and De-
portment.*

NOW City Calvskin roar'd aloud,
Thro' London Streets, to scare the Croud ;
And still the more 'twas beat or plaid
Upon, the greater Noise it made ;

N

Be.

Before the *Masters* of the *Dub*,
Surrounded by a *Beardless Mob*;
Advanc'd a *Red-fac'd Squabby Fellow*,
As odly shap'd as *Pandionello*;
Most nobly crown'd with *Hat* and *Feather*,
And dress'd in *Buff* or other *Leather*;
With *Trenchion* rais'd against his side,
To shew his *Office* and his *Pride*;
And now and then extended further,
To keep the little *Boys* in order;
Behind him came some *Halberdiers*,
With *Feathers* flapping round their *Ears*;
And on their *Shoulders* did they bear,
Their desperate *Instruments* of War;
Kept at the *Killing end* as bright,
As sturdy *Steel* of *Errant Knight*;
As if they'd been just scour'd with *Whirings*,
Or dust of *Brick*, against their *Fighting*;
Their *Bodies* hoop'd with *Sashes* round,
As tye as *Hogsheads* *Iron* bound;
That they might hold, in case of *Thirsting*,
More Drink, without the fear of *Bursting*;

Each

Each Hero's *Stackins*, *Sash* and *Feather*,
 All seeming to be dy'd together;
 That *Men* or *Boys*, who were beholders
 Of these the Beaters up for *Soldiers*;
 Might know by th' *Colour* of their *Knots*,
 That hung in splendor on their *Hats*;
 Or by the *Strings* that ty'd their *Hair*,
 Of what fierce *Regiment* they were;
 So *Whiffers* on a *Lordmayor's-Day*,
 Who walk before to clear the *Way*;
 Shew by the *Ribbons* that are hung to
 The *Noddies*, who the *Fools* belong to.

Thus round their proper *Bounds* they march'd,
 Like waxwork *Figures* stiff and starch'd;
 That by repeated loud *Alarms*,
 Of *Drum*, the *Cits* might scour their *Arms*;
 And send their *Hireling Heroes* to
 The usual place of *Rendevou*;
 That such a brave surprizing *Train*
 Of *Sworded Boys*, and armed *Men*;
 Might scare the bold tumultuous *swarm*,
 From madly doing farther *harm*;

Or that at least it might induce,
 The Mob who were before so loose;
 To change their *Shapes* for better *Pay*,
 And now, for half a *Crown* a Day,
 Take *Arms*, and for the present hide
 Themselves among the strongest side;
 So Joining with the lawful *Force*,
 Wisely suppress themselves of *Course*;
 For when in *Arms* they shew their *Faces*,
 How should they be in other *Places*;
 So cunning *Villains* that commit,
 By Night a *Robb'ry* in the street;
 If once they find they're close persu'd
 They slack their *Speed*, and Join the *Croud*;
 And running on the self-same way,
 Cry out *stop Thief* as well as they.

No sooner had the *Marshal* Dub,
 Thus giv'n a *Challenge* to the Mob;
 And call'd each *Trader* to prepare
 His *Arms* for this *Non-fighting* War;

But

But e'ery willing Hero laid
His *Business* by, to whet his Blade;
And scour his *Firelock*, and his *Barrel*,
Upon this unexpected Quarrel;
That he might come himself or *Hire*
Some Man as *Brave*, that durst to fire
A *Musquet* that should do no hurt,
And never start at the *Report*;
But stand in Wet or Windy *Weather*,
At *Corner Post* an Hour together;
And boldly guard it in the *Night*,
That none should reel or stagger by't;
Without first shewing to the *Guard*,
Good *Reasons* why he drank so hard;
And that he was no *Mob* tho' mellow,
But a good honest *Drunken Fellow*;
So tatter'd *Slouch* that guards the *Street*,
And crys the *Hour* in Wind and Wet;
Will know by careful *Inquisition*,
Who runs for *Midwife* or *Physician*;

The *Hour* appointed being come,
 The *Heroes* met at beat of Drum;
 And *Coblers*, 'Prentices and *Porters*,
 Forsook with Joy their Winter Quarters;
 Like valliant *Troops* to undergo,
 The Hazard both of *Frost* and *Snow*,
 Besides the danger of the *Foe*;
 Thus *Lazy Louts* and *Drausy Fellows*,
 Who love to hug their Downy *Pillows*;
 Think sitting up a *Night* in *Buff*,
 Hard Service and sufficient *Proof*;
 They've as much *Fortitude* to brag on,
 As Champion *George* that slew the *Dragon*,

No sooner were these *Men of War*,
 In valiant Order met to scare,
 The Hairbrain'd *Rabble* from persuing,
 Those startling *Ills* they had been doing;
 But the *Mob* vanish'd as 'twas thought,
 Thro' fear of being *Kill'd* or *Caught*;

When

When in reality the *Apes*,
 Had *Proteus* like, but chang'd their Shapes,
 For those that were the Tatter'd Slaves
 Before, who with their *Clubs* and *Staves*,
 Knock'd down with so much Spite and Passion,
 The *Synagogues* of *Toleration*;
 Had now thro' Fear of being taken,
 Like cunning *Knaves* to save their *Bacon*;
 Transform'd their *Broomstaves* and *Battoons*,
 To *Backswords*, *Bandaliers* and *Guns*;
 And so from a *Rude Mob* became,
 The fierce *Suppressors* of the same.

So those who for one side declare,
 That they the *Publick Wealth* may share;
 And such abusive *Frauds* commit,
 That put the *Nation* in a *Heat*;
 When once they've largely made their *Fortune*,
 By Secret means behind the *Curtain*;
 They always then espouse that cause,
 And give that *Party* most applause,
 That best can skreen 'em from the *Laws*.

Jack Presbyter in times of Tore;
 Who pull'd down Church and Sov'reign Pow'r;
 When Restoration did appear,
 Turn'd tail on their own side, thro' fear;
 And then cry'd hey for Cavalier.

To back their Military Guard;
 They added now the Watch and Ward;
 Wherein the Midnight Parish Croakers,
 Old Tiplers and Mundungus Smokers;
 Swaddl'd in Rags hoop'd round with Leather;
 To keep their tatter'd Prize together;
 With Faces stern as frightful Vizards,
 And Beards that made them look like Wizards;
 Were Join'd with some more young and lusty,
 With Skins like Bacon Fat when rusty;
 Who seem'd to be a part of those,
 'Gainst whom they now appear'd as Foes;
 And that they'd still more Inclination,
 To Join the Rabble on occasion;
 Altho' their Brainless Head had chose 'em,
 In case they met 'em to oppose 'em.

So the same *Gang* that steal a *Brace*
Of *Bucks* from *Forrest*, *Park*, or *Chase*;
If they're but unsuspected *Neighbours*,
That gain their *Livings* by their *Labours*;
The *Keeper* will in friendship call 'em,
To go in quest of those that stole 'em;
Who join him laughing in their *Sleeves*,
To think themselves the very *Thieves*.

Each *Parish Watch-house* now was lin'd,
With *Crazy Sots*, some *Lame*, some *Blind*;
And lazy *Louts* more fit to play
The *Rogue*, than scare the *Rogues* away;
From whence sometimes they made their *Sallies*,
And walk'd their *Rounds* thro' *Streets* and *Allies*;
Lead now about i'th' *Face* oth' *Light*,
By the stern *Rulers* of the *Night*;
Who look'd almost as much like ill *Men*,
As *Judas* and his train of *Billmen*;
When going to betray his *Lord*
And *Master*, for a small *Reward*;

Some *Dirty*, others *Drunk* and *Drousy*,
Some *Scarecrows* shrugging as if *Lousy*;
Some in *Fur Caps*, in which they lay
At *Night*, and wore the same by *day*;
All arm'd with mighty *Staves* whose strength
Appear'd in thickness and in length,
Which as they crept along, the *Drones*
Knock'd down so hard upon the *Stones*,
As if they us'd their *Clubs* for *Hammers*,
To serve instead of *Paviers Rammers*;
Or that each furly tatter'd *Slave*,
Meant by the noisy *Thumps* they gave;
To signify themselves to be,
The *Riff Raff* of *Authority*;
So *Tinkers* who Repair old *Bellows*,
And mend our *Pots* and *Sauséfans* tell us,
By thumping loud on *Brasen Kettle*,
The sturdy *Knaves* are men of *Mettle*.

The *City* and *Suburban Borders*,
Thus fill'd with *Soldiers* and with *Warders*;

Who

Who like stern *Heroes* march'd about,
 In quest of the *Rebellious Rout* ;
 Resolving if they could but meet 'em,
 To take 'em or at last to beat 'em ;
 But all their Searches were in vain,
 The Mob were now *Low-Church* again ;
 And all the *Jesuits* and *Priests*,
 Were safely crept into their *Nests* ;
 That looking out for *High-Church* Plotters,
 And those that were the *Rout's Promoters* ;
 Was now but seeking we may say,
 A *Needle* in a Truss of *Hay* ;
 'Tis plain because the silly *Elves*,
 Forgot to look among themselves ;
 For *Watching*, *Warding*, and *Trainbanding*,
 Tho' Customs of an ancient standing ;
 Are thought by some but little better,
 Than *Mobing* in another Nature ;
 Therefore whene'er those crafty *Sirs*,
 That are the *Cities Governours* ;
 Think fit to raise their armed force,
 All other *Mobs* must cease of course ;

For those that *Mob*, like noisy *Knaves*,
 Against the *Lam*, with *Clubs* and *Staves*;
 When the *Drum* beats, will gladly run
 To *Mob* more safe with *Sword* and *Gun*.

C A N T O IX.

*The Peoples Clamours at the Charge
 of Warding and Trainbanding.*

Fresh *Clamours* now arose about,
 The *Charge* occasion'd by the *Rout*;
 Which gave the *Mod'rate Saints* a *Handle*,
 To *Curse* the *Priest*, *Bell*, *Book* and *Candle*;
 Charging the long expensive guarding,
 Their *Double Watching*, and their *Warding*
 On him; when 'twas their *Moderation*
 That gave the very first *Occasion*:
 So *Country Knaves* that Love the *Law*,
 Break their own *Fence* to have a *Claw*,

Against

Against some *Neighbour*, and to pound
Whate'er they catch within their *Ground*.

The *Constables* now rang'd their *Wards*,
To collect *Money* for their *Guards*;
And huff'd and strutted at the *Doors*
Of all their *Poor Parishioners*;
Opprest the needy with *Pretences*,
Of being at such vast *Expences*;
That should their *Pay* be still more large,
It would not half defray the *Charge*;
When their own *Pockets* daily shar'd,
Much more than all their *Drowsy Herd*;
The *Poor* they hector'd to *Compliance*,
Whilst the *Rich* bid the *Knaves* *Defiance*;
And wisely knew the cunning *Cheat*,
Because themselves had practis'd it;
When in their *Parishes* they bore,
The self-same *Office* heretofore;
Thus always those that have the least
To guard themselves, are most opprest;

Whilst

Whilst he that's *Rich* tho' ne'er so base,
Shall favour find in e'ery Case.

Long Staves were now set up by Scores,
Without side of their *Watch-house Doors*;
To make all those that chanc'd to view 'em
Believe they'd Men belonging to 'em;
When all the Feeble *Parish Guard*,
The careful *Constable* had hird,
Were four or five poor *crazy Wretches*,
Who scarce could crawl without their *Crutches*;
But wanted *Staves* to walk about,
Because they could not go without;
Yet *Midnight Magistrate* to gull
The *Parish*, make them pay their full,
As if their *Watch* and *Ward* were able,
To thrash the *Jackets* of the Rabble;
When they're too crazy in a Fray,
To stand, or yet to run away;
But if attack'd by three old *Wives*,
Must cry out *Mercy* for their Lives;

There.

Therefore how grand a Cheat it is,
 To pay for such a *Guard* as this;
 Who in a dang'rous time of need,
 Have neither *Courage*, *Strength* or *Speed*,
 To help themselves or us, in case,
 We want Assistance in *Distress*;
 I therefore hope with all Submission,
 'Twill not amount to a Digression;
 If by the way I give a Sketch,
 Of a true Smoak-dry'd *City Watch*.

They commonly consist of *Fellows*,
 At first made *Beggars* by the *Alehouse*;
 Where day by day they us'd to sot,
 At *All-fours*, *Cribidge* or at *Put*;
 And Range *Moorfields* sometimes to find,
 A set of *Ninepins* to their Mind;
 Or run a Mile to spend a day,
 At *Shovel-board*, or such like play;
 Till by their *Guzling* and *Neglect*
 Of Work, for what they more affect;

They

They lose their *Business*, and at length
Their *Credit*, and when old their *Strength*;
Then when they're *Crazy*, stiff an *Cripp'd*;
Quite surfeited with *Belch* they've tippl'd,
And to the *Parish* must become,
Thro' *Age* and *Weakness* burthensome;
And have thro' carelessness been thrown
From Houses, once perhaps their own;
They're chose by the *Parochial Powers*,
To be a hopeful Guard to *Ours*;
When from their own they run away
By Night, not minding them by Day;
But who would trust a *Bankrupt Knav*,
Not worth a *Groat*, with all they have;
Or make him *Guardian* of his *Child*,
Whose own had by himself been spoil'd.

Thus thro' *Compassion* when decay'd,
They're Staff and *Lanthorn Champions* made;
And now they take themselves to be
Strange Scarecrows of *Authority*;

Like *Bats* and *Owls* they shun the Light;
 And prove most noisy in the Night;
 In *Holes* and *Cocklofts* sleep by day,
 And in the Dark look out for Prey;
 Grow proud and saucy which they learn
 Of Parish *Beadle* stiff and stern;
 Sworn in a *Constable* to save
 From Midnight Damps, some *Wealthy Knaves*
 Who scorns the *Wooden Chair* of State,
 That keeps the *Bulbeef Magistrate*,
 From his *Wife's* warmer Arms so late.

When thus the *Poor Nocturnal Elves*,
 Have got a *Leader* like themselves;
 They triumph then at past *Eleven*
 O'er all that to the *Cap* are given;
 By saucy *Provocations* cause,
 Mad drunken *Rakes* to break the Laws;
 And by warm irritating *Words*,
 Excite them to unsheath their *Swords*;
 That when they scarce can stand alone,
 Their *Merc'less Staves* may fetch 'em down;

Break their own *Lanthorns* to recover
More Damage when the *Fray* is over;
Then haul 'em in like *Dogs* before
The Hireling *Deputy* in Pow'r,
Who Knits his *Magisterial* Brow,
And after asking where and how;
Knocks his *Staff* hard upon the Floor,
And sternly crys, *I'll hear no more;*
What draw their Swords; go see 'em strait,
I charge you, in at Counter-Gate;
And I shall find a way to morrow,
To tame their Courage to their Sorrow;
Thus are they hurry'd over *Night*
By th' *Watch*; to *Jail* by *Candlelight*;
And the next Day when brought before
Sir *Grim*, must pay for many more
Rash *Oaths* and *Curses* than they swore;
Nay, and make Good before they're freed,
Those Damages they never did;
Pay saucy *Watch* and *Conynobble*,
Full Satisfaction for their *Trouble*,
And so Good-morrow Mr. *Bubble*.

These

These are the honest means they use,
 Not to protect but to abuse;
 Nor do they watch but with intent
 To do those Ills they should prevent;
 The Thieves in *London* seldom Rob
 By *Night*, or undertake a Job,
 But that they may the better do it,
 They make a *Watchman* privy to it;
 The *Whore* that plies at *Tavern* late,
 And to her *Lodging Carr*'s her Mate;
 Is always with the *Watch* in fee,
 Within her strolling *Liberty*;
 That she at *Twelve* or *One* may lead,
 Some drunken *Cully* to her Bed;
 Without the fear of being hurry'd
 To have her sinful *Back* new curry'd:
 So he that holds a gainful place,
 Where Riches may be got apace;
 Bribes him that is a Check upon him,
 That when he once by Gold has won him,

He then may play the *Knave* securely,
 Deceive and pinch the Publick hourly,
 As many do that look demurely.

CANTO X.

The Disputes and Squabbles of different Parties in a Tavern-Kitchen.

WHEN thus the *Rabble* were become
 A *Lawful Mob* by Beat of Drum;

And many who by *Pains* and *Sweatings*,

Had gutted and until'd the *Meetings*;

Were now imploy'd as careful *Warders*

To hinder and suppress *Disorders*;

'Twas then all-sides began to shew

Their *Teeth*, and their old spite renew;

And with invet'rate *Tongues* express,

Their *Jarring Zeal* and *Engerness*;

Each *Tavern-Kitchen* where *Old Sots*

Were us'd to nod, o'er *Half-pint Pots*;

And

And *Amicably* chat together,
 About the *Wars*, or else the *Weather*;
 Grew now as noisy to the full,
 As *Billingsgate* or *Hockley-Hole*;
 When *Fishwives* in a *Rage* are prating,
 Or when the *Bull* or *Bear* are baiting;
 So Nations which have long been blest
 With *Ease*, and *Downy Peace* possess;
 By sudden *Strife*, and *Tongue Contention*,
 Become the *Nurs'ries* of *Dissention*,

In a warm *Corner* near the *Rang*,
 Sits one, perhaps, just come from *Change*;
 Who when he speaks is proud to show,
 If he's of any *Church*, 'tis *Low*;
 No sooner has he drank a *Glass*,
 But to proclaim himself an *Ass*;
 The *Rev'rend Doctor* to be sure,
 Must be revil'd for *Half an Hour*;
 And fifty *Lies* let loose to *Blasphemy*
 The *Man* they had so much *Mistaken*;

106 CANTO X.

Hoping, in vain, by such *Discourse*,
 To make his *Cause* appear the worse;
 And thro' his Sides to wound the *Church*;
 Th' *Apostate Tool* had left ith' *Lurch*;
 So he who leaves a *Virtuous Wife*,
 To indulge a loose and *Vicious Life*,
 Tho' she be prudent, *Just* and *Holy*,
 Will charge his *Baseness* on her *Folly*.

Perhaps another *Hungry Sinner*,
 Preferring *Bus'ness* to his *Dinner*;
 Has got before him for *Relief*,
 A *Cutlet*, or a *Steak of Beef*,
 To stay his *Craving Stomach* till
 He marches *Home* t' a better *Meal*;
 But being highly pleas'd to hear,
 What mighty *Crimes* were made appear,
 Against the *Man* at whom they *Level'd*
 Their *Spite*, as if they were *Bedevil'd*;
 His swelling *Malice* and his *Heat*,
 Scarce gives him time to chew his *Meat*;

But some *Opprobrious Words* between
 Each bit, must ease his rising *Spleen*;
 Now down one hasty *Mouthful* goes,
 Then up some envious *Lie* he throws;
 Till betwixt eating fast and *Lying*
 He's *Choak'd* with Food, and *Falsifying*:
 So she wh' against her *Sponse* Rebels,
 And *Scolds* and *Chatters* at her *Meals*;
 When she's inclin'd to make a *Fraction*,
 Will rather lose the *Satisfaction*
 Of eating peaceably in silence,
 Than *Curb* her *Tongue*, and check her *Vplence*.

A *Third*, perhaps, takes this Occasion
 Offsetting forth what *Veneration*
 He has for that *Learn'd Guide* that writ,
 To shew his *Head*, in spite of *Wit*,
 As weak and crazy as his *Feet*;
 Crying alas, 'twas wondrous hard,
 Such *Merit* should have no *Reward*;
 For giving to the *People* more
 Than even God had given before;

And

And for discov'ring to *Mankind*,
 Those *Truths* we in no *Scripture* find;
 Affirming *Crowns* were first bestow'd,
 Not by Good *Heav'n*, but by the *Croud*;
 That from their *Voise* all *Pow'r* descended,
 And on their *Whimfies* still depended;
 So crafty *Scholars* may by force
 Of *Logick*, prove a *Man* a *Horse*;
 But when they've done, he is no more
 A *Horse* or *Gelding* than before.

Next these perhaps the surly *Spawn*
 Of some *Rebellious Puritan*;
 Whose *Heath'nish Principles* unbounded,
 Declare him to be truly *Roundhead*;
 Sits growling o'er his *Wine* alone,
 Like a *Curst'd Mastiff* o'er a *Bone*;
 Expressing e'ery thing he says,
 In true *Fanatick Calv's-head Phrase*;
 Railing at *Bishops* and at *Kings*,
 As *Popish Antichristian Things*

As if he thought the strength of Reason,
 Consisted in *Notorious Treason*;
 And that it gave convincing Force;
 To his dull scandalous *Discourse*;
 So she that from the Brewhouse brings
 Small Tiff in *Tubs* that hang on *Slings*,
 Believes the louder still she Scolds,
 The stronger *Argument* she holds;
 And that the greater noise she makes,
 The more she to the *Purpose* Speaks;

Among these *Church* and *Monarch Haters*,
 Perhaps a brace of *Moderators*
 Sit tippling as we oft have seen 'em,
 With little *Buffer-stool* between 'em;
 These are the *Janus* looking Fools
 The *Faction* work with as their *Tools*,
 Who with *Church Discipline* Concede,
 Yet strongly for *Dissenters* plead;
 And for the sake of *Peace* and *Union*;
 Altho' they're of the *Church Communion*;

Comply with e'ery thing that shows
 They're *Friends* to them that are her *Foes*,
 And prove ill enemies to such,
 As they think love the *Church* too much;
 Rail at those *Men* who venture most,
 To save her when in *Storms* she's tost;
 And on their *Shoulders* lay the blame,
 Of others that deserve the shame;
 Join with the *Saints* in *Tavern Squabbles*,
 To pelt 'em down with *Lies* and *Fables*;
 And with impatient *Warmth* decry,
 Their *Virtue* and *Integrity*;
 Yet can with wondrous *Zeal* assert,
 They *Love* the *Church* with all their *Heart*;
 Tho' they serve *God* but little better,
 Than those that think there's no *Creator*;
 So *Libertines* we find will swear
 Much Love unto the *Sportless Fair*;
 When all their *Ends* are to deceive 'em,
 First to debauch 'em, then to leave 'em:

So

So those who stile themselves the Low,
To *Church* instead of *Meeting* go,
Only to bend Her to their *Bow*.

Among this *Kitchen* Crowd of *Sinners*,
Who love to be the Warm *Beginners*
Of such Disputes, from whence arise,
Hard *Words* and *Animosities*;
Perhaps there sit some Friends that show
Themselves as high as th' other *Low*;
Who hating the *Fanatick* short-pot
Are gather'd round the noble *Quart-pot*;
That they may Drink a *Health* to those
Who love the *Church*, and not her *Foes*;
And wish *Conversion* unto all,
Who strive in vain to Work her fall;
Yet shew as great a *Detestation*,
Of *Pope* and *Popish* *Innovation*,
As any down-look'd Son of *Grace*
That wears his *Conscience* in his Face;
And fills his *Breast* where that should be,
With *Malice* and *Hypocrisy*;

So a close *Stool* with *Cedar Case*,
May for a *Nest* of *Drawers* pass;
But if you look within you'll find,
'Tis but with *Odious Balsam* lin'd;
And tho' without set off and painted,
It is not what it represented.

When thus the *Tavern-Kitchen's* throng'd,
With Men so differently tongu'd;
Some tipling *Claret*, others *Whitewine*,
In both but very little *Rightwine*:
No sooner does God *Bacchus* steal,
Into their *Brains* and warm their *Zeal*,
But each sets up himself to be
Down right *Infallibility*;
And talks as if he was at least,
A *Judge*, a *Statesman*, or a *Priest*;
And that he knew much more than they,
Whom 'twas his Duty to obey;
One in the *Scriptures* would be dabbling;
And about saving *Grace* be squabbling;

Till he had o'er his *Pipe* and *Pint*,
 Knock'd all *Religion* out of *Joint*;
 And turn'd his *Saintlike Moderation*,
 To *Madness*, *Folly*, *Spite* and *Passion*;
 So she that does her *Vices* skreen,
 With *Puritannick Dress* and *Mein*;
 And shews us in her study'd *Face*,
 Dissembled *Modesty* and *Grace*;
 Warm her with *Wine* and you'll discover,
 The *Saint* to be a *Whore* all over;
 For no designing *Knave* or *Lass*
 Can stand the Test of *Bowl* or *Glass*.

A second then with spiteful *Mouth*,
 Most gravely tells you for a *Truth*;
 That the late rising of the *Rout*,
 Does plainly prove, beyond all doubt,
 To be a Wicked *Popish Plot*,
 Contriv'd by a *Rebellious Knot*
 Of *Papists* harb'ring in the *Nation*,
 To spoil the *Peace* in *Agitation*;

That

That the *High Church* did also Join
 To carry on the *Grand Design*;
 And that five *Jesuits* who were known,
 Were seen to lead the *Rabble* on;
 And to excite 'em to go thro'
 The *Mischiefs* they had then in view;
 And that for certain some we'd taken,
 Would tell the *Truth* to save their *Bacon*;
 Thus *Bastard Mischief* never wants
 A Father here whilst we have *Saints*;
 Who always swear the *Wicked Brat*,
 Upon the *Party* that they hate.

A Third Man in a mighty *Passion*,
 Forgetting all his *Moderation*;
 Charges the Rising of the *Mob*,
 Point blank upon the *Holy Robe*;
 And consequently does not fail,
 To maul the *Doctor Tooth and Nail*;
 And with much *Pleasure* jirks the *Church*,
 As if his *Words* were *Rods of Birch*.

Yet all the time that he's so warm,
 Will cry he means the Church no harm;
 So the Base Coward have I heard
 Abuse the very Man he's fear'd
 Behind his Back, and yet pretend,
 In the same Breath to be his Friend.

At length the High Church take Offence
 At so much wild Impertinence;
 And with a stern and manly heat,
 Their Low Church Argument defeat;
 Now Pro and Con they Talk and Rattle,
 Till their warm Words presage a Battle;
 Provoking Heats two are begun
 To spur the growing Contest on;
 And large Confronting Bumpers pass
 To shew their Spite in e'ery Glass;
 Till at length Drunk and Mad between,
 The heat of Wine, and that of Spleen;

Their

Their mutual *Rancour* fiercer grows,
 And then they fall from *Words* to *Blows*;
 One with a stout *S...l Cuff*,
 Soon gives his *Low Church* Foe enough;
 Another *High Church Friend* as proudly,
 Subdues a Saint that cry'd up *H...y*;
 Thus those who by' reviling first
 Begot the *Fray*, came off by th' worst;
 And stood convinc'd their *Cause* was bad;
 By the shrewd *Knocks* and *Thumps* they had;
 For *Blows* we find sometimes prevail,
 When other *Arguments* shall fail;
 As *Laws* severe, well us'd in Season,
 Convince the stubborn more than *Reason*.

14 AP 62

The Reader is desir'd to dash out the Word *Lesser*,
 in Page 120 Line 14th the First Part.
 It was by mistake that the Motto was put to the Second
 Part.

F I N I S.

